

BUT ALSO—
Not only wishes he possessed
Unconscious health,
Whereby by fortune blessed—
But also
Wealth.
Not only after riches strives
Each waking hour,
And wins, since fate contrives—
But also
Power.
Not only yearns the joys to know,
As life goes past,
Which wealth and power bestow,
But also
Caste.
Not only health, wealth, power, and caste
Came at a breath,
Not only these, in fact,
But also
Death.
—Hunter MacCulloch, in Cosmopolitan.

SHE MARRIED BOTH.

BY JULIUS WEDEKIND.

Mr. William Trotter, lawyer, of the firm of Lunkens & Trotter, was the picture of prosperity and contentment, sitting in his office in the most luxurious apartment building in town. His private office, where we find him, was a poem in hard wood and stucco, but its spic and span cleanliness denoted its newness. In fact, Mr. Trotter had not always occupied quarters like these. Indeed, as he sat in his rotary chair puffing the smoke from a Colorado Maduro with a sultanic air of limitless wealth, Mr. Trotter's elegant surroundings bore the gloss of a week's existence and not a day more. Not that he wore the new conditions with any less grace on that account, however. Anyone, to have observed him critically, would have acknowledged the aristocratic repose of his regular features and the exquisite taste of his fashionable apparel. But the fact remains that Mr. Trotter, a week before, had been a struggling young attorney with an inchoate practice and an unreliable sequence as to meals.

As there are no such things as fairy wands to change hungry lawyers into well-fed barristers, the truth may as well be admitted—Mr. Trotter had hit the races. The ten thousand dollar retainer from a delightfully mysterious corporation in the west, which he assured his friends was the basis of his new magnificence, was in reality a winning of that amount on a cluster of horses upon whose names he had made a bet after the manner current among the pool rooms. For all this, Mr. Trotter was by no means a "sport." He was unquestionably a young man of talent who would be heard from one of these days, and who knew what it meant to "toil terribly."

The reason that we do not find him at work with his books directly concerns our interest in this lucky youth. For Mr. Trotter's thoughts were floating back over five long years of professional vicissitudes, as dreamily as the smoke that curled aloft over his blonde head, until they rested upon a face of dark, healthy beauty, surmounted by curling locks as black as the tender eyes whose depths he had once celebrated in a feeble quatrain with the opinion that they rivaled the glories of a starlit night. He had truly been desperately in love with Alice Monroe, a fact that had been fully appreciated by that dainty little despot, who not only accepted all his attentions in the way of theater tickets, balls and dinners, but pouted for more. All of these things had been the despair of poor young Mr. Trotter, who wondered how he was ever to marry a girl whose trivial expenses per week exceeded his income at the bar per month. To render the situation even more poignant, she repeatedly declared that the man she married would have to have money in her heartless opinion love in a cottage was unqualified bliss. Often he had exclaimed to the four walls of his dingy room:

"She is vain, flaunting, extravagant, and unworthy an honest fellow's toll." On every fine Sunday afternoon, for her sweet sake, he had hired a yellow cart and a large black horse, with a stride like the coast of empire, whose tan-colored harness was the swiftest thing that graced the Clifton drives on that day. The swiftest? Alas, no. There was one rig that excelled that of Mr. Trotter, even as the white glory of the diamond excels the dull gray of the topaz. And in that rig sat the belle of the town, who had been the earth and heaven he hated with the cheerful, cordial hate of a lover for a rival.

The name of this party was Messerschmidt, a cool, imperturbable gentleman, the unflinching impudence of whose small, steady eyes had taken Mr. Trotter's measure on the night that they had first met in Miss Monroe's parlor, and were ever since noting the progress of Mr. Trotter's suit with a stolid Tantalus amusement that betokened their owner's confidence in his own supremacy. As a rival, Mr. Messerschmidt was, indeed, peculiarly dangerous in the possession of a gigantic soap factory, inherited from a simple-minded parent who would have turned in his grave with astonishment had he seen what his son had done for the old concern since its founder's death, for the plant

had undergone the mysterious process known only to the subtle promoter who capitalizes a small enterprise into a colossal one by the hocus-pocus of the "street."

Never in his life had Mr. Trotter claimed the society of the capricious Miss Monroe on one of those bright, serene but what Mr. Messerschmidt could be seen in his gorgeous turnout, riding insolently alongside or else taking the road, in a manner even more insolent, just in front. This gentleman's presence was not only obtruded upon them at these times, but seemed to divine by a diabolical instinct just when and where to be and them together. If Mr. Trotter took Miss Monroe to the theater, the other party invariably had a seat nearby, which he would change for one immediately

next to the couple, and engage them in conversation with a mild, insinuating assurance that used to irritate the young lawyer to the point of insanity. When he took Miss Monroe to the art museum—a favorite ruse of his to get her away from possible intruders—his ubiquitous presence was there also, suave, calm, entertaining, agonizing!

As his mind dwelt on these scenes Mr. Trotter's visage lost some of its tranquil contentment on this morning as he sat in the office dreaming of what might have been, for he rather blamed Providence for having failed to place him on the supreme bench at twenty-three.

Accidentally his eyes rested on the polished oak cover of his typewriter in the corner, and he smiled bitterly at the associations conjured up by that implement of modern correspondence. Well he remembered a certain morning when Miss Monroe took it into her capricious head to visit him at his palatial quarters—as he had represented them to her in order to keep pace with the plutocratic Messerschmidt. As usual, that worthy was tagging placidly at her side.

Mr. Trotter shuddered with retrospective horror as he thought of the hideous catastrophe of that visit, and pictured the scene before him. There was Alice, as blooming and richly handsome as a Jacqueminot rose, radiating a delicate perfume, like the flower itself, which fairly intoxicated the young lawyer. The complainant and phlegmatic Messerschmidt, nearby, wore his usual smile of vacant urbanity, but in his small gray eye shone the light of a demagogical triumph, and he watched Alice sweep the office with her keen eyes and gather in every shabby detail of the office, from the bare floor to the dilapidated desks, he visibly exulted at the disgust in her countenance. Then she spoke. She had just dropped in to pay her respects as she passed the building. She was delighted to find his quarters so comfortable-looking! Then Messerschmidt sniffed at the atmosphere like a warhorse that scents the aroma of battle afar. Unerringly those little gray eyes fastened upon the cover of Mr. Trotter's typewriter.

"What make of typewriter do you prefer, Mr. Trotter?" asked Mr. Messerschmidt, innocently raising the cover

and disclosing—not a typewriter—but the meager and unsightly remains of some corned beef and cabbage on which Mr. Trotter had been dining.

That had been five years ago, and Mr. Trotter had not tasted a dish of corned beef and cabbage since. The odor of that barbarous mixture used but pouted for more. All of these things had been the despair of poor young Mr. Trotter, who wondered how he was ever to marry a girl whose trivial expenses per week exceeded his income at the bar per month. To render the situation even more poignant, she repeatedly declared that the man she married would have to have money in her heartless opinion love in a cottage was unqualified bliss. Often he had exclaimed to the four walls of his dingy room:

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A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE

A Railroad Engineer Relates His Experience.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred G. Vose and His Mother-in-Law, a Reporter of the Boston Herald—Both Are Restored After Years of Agony.

(From the Boston Herald.)

The vast, health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred G. Vose, his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am 37 years old, and have been railroad engineering for 15 years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past 7 years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep at night. If I lay down my heart would go pit-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when some time in February last, I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from my depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since. My back pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have melted away. I have found my kidneys are well regulated by the pills. This is an effect claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they were about. I am feeling 100 per cent better in every shape and manner."

The reporter met Mrs. Holt, who said: "I am 57 years old, and for 14 years I have had an intermittent heart trouble. I had nervous prostration, by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and had continual and intense pain from the lack of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent \$30 for doctor bills and medicines, but my health continued miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the first day of my heart trouble, and in a few days I was able to get up and move about much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in my back, and the continual and intense pain from the lack of my neck to the end of my backbone. I am feeling 100 per cent better in every shape and manner."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements of a healthy life and new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of alcoholism, indigestion, the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from impoverished blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of the price, 25 cents a box, or 10 boxes for \$2.50. They are never sold in bulk or by the dozen, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

MIND-READING OF THE FUTURE.
Will It Be Possible to Read Thought Through the Eyes?

It can be taken as a fact, which the theory of the connection of the eye implies, that for each external impression there is, for each image produced on the retina, the ends of the visual nerves concerned in the conveyance of the impression to the mind must be under a peculiar stress or in a vibratory state. It now does not seem improbable that when by the power of thought an image is evoked, a distant reflex action, no matter how weak, is exerted upon certain ends of the visual nerves, and, therefore, upon the retina. Will it ever be within human power to analyze the condition of the retina when disturbed by thought or reflex action, by the help of some optical or other means of such sensitiveness, that a clear idea of its state might be gained at any time?

If this were probable, then the problem of reading one's thoughts with precision, like the characters of an open book might be much easier to solve than many problems belonging to the domain of positive physical science, in the solution of which many if not the majority of scientific men implicitly believe. Helmholtz has shown that the fundi of the eyes are themselves luminous, and he was able to see in total darkness the movement of his arm by the light of his own eyes.

This is one of the most remarkable experiments ever made, and probably only a few men could satisfactorily repeat it, for it is very likely that the luminosity of the eyes is associated with uncommon activity of the brain and great imaginative powers. It is fluorescence of brain activity, as it were, in all its essential essence.—Scientific American.

"Sweet Sixteen."

The beautiful calendars sent out by J. I. Hood & Co., of Lowell, Mass., have attracted much attention in all parts of the country. The calendar bears the head of a lovely girl, "Sweet Sixteen," lithographed in delicate colors. Over eight millions of these calendars were made. J. I. Hood & Co., as is well known, are the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is everywhere a household word on account of the wonderful cures that have been effected by means of this great blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla is made in a building which is the largest in the world devoted to the business of making medicinal preparations. The factory has been built up within a few years by the absolute merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—Washington Pudding: One and one-half cups sugar, two tablespoons butter, four eggs, eight tablespoons sweet milk, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, two cups sour. Bake in four tins; put fruit between; bake with cream.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Wife—"What are you coming home at this time in the morning for?" Husband—"Fire-kiss."—Detroit Tribune.

—Why did Ethel Robson marry Harold Smithers, I wonder?" "She admired his monogram. It looks so like the dollar sign."—Harper's Bazar.

—May—"They say Miss Stepley, of Chicago, gives a great deal to the poor." Bell—"What does she give?" May—"Her old shoes."—N. Y. Herald.

—She—"I must ask you to release me from my engagement." Wilkes—"He—"O, that's all right. I am the man who won all his money."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Two of a Kind.—"Misses—"Bridget, I don't want you to go out this evening." Maid—"Nether do Pathrick, mem; he's coming to say me, mem."—Detroit Free Press.

—Too True.—First Girl—"Chaperones are more averse to engagements than any one else, don't you think so?" Second Girl—"No; according to my observations men are."—Truth.

—Hicks—"What a curious acting chap aberrate is! Sometimes I think his mind cannot be right." Wilkes—"Don't you think it too bad to blame it on his mind?"—Boston Transcript.

—"I suppose you have been shopping all day again," said Mr. Snags to his wife at the supper table. "And I suppose you have been bucket-shopping again," retorted she. —Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—Merchant—"I believe we ought to get more than fifty cents a yard for that goods." Shrewd Clerk—"There's just one way to do it." "How?" "Cut it up in fragments and sell it on the remnant counter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Worse Yet.—"Fill the Bombthrower (waiting for the group to assemble)." "There won't be many of us here to-night. It's raining pitchforks." Dynamite Dick—"Rainin' pitchforks? Great Scott! It's rainin' soapuds!"—Chicago Tribune.

—No," said Mrs. Bivens in reply to her little daughter's beseeching for a little sister; "no, we can't afford a new baby." "But," persisted the child, "won't the doctor make a reduction if you take twins?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

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DURING hard times consumers cannot afford to experiment with inferior, cheap brands of baking powder. It is NOW that the great strength and purity of the ROYAL stand out as a friend in need to those who desire to practise Economy in the Kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent—it goes further.

N. B. Grocers say that every dollar invested in Royal Baking Powder is worth a dollar the world over, that it does not consume their capital in dead stock, because it is the great favorite, and sells through all times and seasons.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

INDIA has fifty million Mohammedans—a larger number than are found in the Turkish empire.

A CHAIN of missions has been established across Central Africa from ocean to ocean in eighteen years.

THE mission presses in the Turkish empire print about forty million pages annually, and over one-half of these pages are God's word.

LUTHER's catechism has been translated into the Japanese language. The work was done by Revs. Sherer and Perry, missionaries to Japan.

THE Chinese Y. M. C. A. at San Francisco contributed forty-two thousand dollars to Canton, China, to assist in the evangelization of their countrymen.

THERE are still, it is estimated, eight hundred million in the world to whom Christ is not yet preached. The total population is about one billion four hundred million.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

GRANDMA—"Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?" Bobby—"Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, grandma."—Tid-Bits.

TRAGIC FATE.—"Have you heard of the sad fate of Novelist Taji?" He committed suicide from jealousy because the heroine of his latest story married another man."—Elegance Blatter.

JENNY—"Papa, could you be very good?" Papa—"Why, my dear?" Jenny—"Because, in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and look says she has lived out all her life."—Harper's Young People.

MISS BRENSEN—"Oh, Mr. Brushner, that is exquisite. I wonder why he didn't find it at the exhibition? We looked high and low for it." Mr. Brushner (blushing).—"That explains it, Miss Remsen; you see, it was hung on the line."—Brooklyn Life.

NOTABLES OF EUROPE.

DR. RUSSELL REYNOLDS has succeeded Sir Andrew Clark as president of the Royal College of Physicians.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1894.

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|-----------------------|------|------|
| CATTLE—Native Steers | 4 40 | 5 60 |
| CATTLE—Foreign Steers | 3 50 | 4 50 |
| CATTLE—Cows | 3 00 | 4 00 |
| CATTLE—Calves | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Hogs | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Pigs | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Lard | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Tallow | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Wool | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Hides | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Skinner | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Butcher | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Dresser | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Canner | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Tanner | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Leather | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Fur | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Clothing | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Shoes | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Hats | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Gloves | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Socks | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Underwear | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Outerwear | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Accessories | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Miscellaneous | 4 00 | 5 00 |

ST. LOUIS.

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|-----------------------|------|------|
| CATTLE—Native Steers | 4 40 | 5 60 |
| CATTLE—Foreign Steers | 3 50 | 4 50 |
| CATTLE—Cows | 3 00 | 4 00 |
| CATTLE—Calves | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Hogs | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Pigs | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—Lard | 4 00 | 5 00 |
| CATTLE—T | | |